

MARSHALL COUNTY REPUBLICAN.

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The Republican

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Office up stairs to the old Plymouth Hotel.

DIRECTORY.

MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT. A. Thompson and F. M. Dand, publishers.
CLEVELAND & BOWEN. Dealers Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. new building, north side Laporte St.

R. M. BROWN. Manufacturers of Tin Sheet Iron and Copperware, and Dealer in Stoves—sign of Tin Shop & Store.

CHARLES PALMER. Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, and Hats & Caps.

J. G. OSBORNE. Attorney & Counselor at Law. Office up stairs over Palmer's store, Plymouth, Ind.

D. J. W. BENNETT's office at his residence three doors north of Edwards' store, on Michigan street.

BROOKS & EVANS. Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery and Ready made Clothing, corner Laporte & Mich. streets.

J. BROWNE & CO. Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, & Shoes, Ready made Clothing, Hardware & Cutlery.

R. T. A. LEMON. Practicing Physician, and dealer in Drugs & Medicines, Oils, Paints & Groceries, east side Michigan street.

A. VINDEGG. Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Groceries and Provisions, east side Michigan street.

W. L. PIATT. Chair & Cabinet maker, and Undertaker. Furniture room in north room of the old Plymouth Hotel.

J. HASELTON. Manufacturer and dealer in Boots & Shoes, and Shoe Findings, west side Michigan street.

H. OGLESBEE & Co. Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, Crockery &c. in the Brick Store.

J. L. WESTERVELT & Co. Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots & Shoes, Ready made Clothing &c.

PERSHING & THOMPSON. Wholesale and Retail dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Paints, Glass & Glassware, and Groceries.

C. H. REEVE. Attorney at Law. Collections, practically attended to in Northern Indiana. Lands for sale cheap.

M. W. SMITH. Justice of the peace, will attend to business in the Circuit and Comm. Pleas courts. Over the Post office.

D. R. SAM'L. HIGGINBOTHAM. Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence on the east side of Michigan street.

JOHN COUGLE. Keeps a general assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Vegetables and Meats of all kinds. Cor. Canal & Mich. sts.

D. J. D. GRAY. Eclectic Physician, will attend to calls day or night. Office four doors north of C. H. Reeve's residence.

ELLIOTT & Co. Wagon, Carriage & Plow Manufacturers, at their new stand at the south end of the Bridge, Michigan street.

D. R. BROWN. Physician and Surgeon, will promptly attend to all calls in his profession. Office at his residence, south Plymouth.

L. A. JOSEPH. Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, South Plymouth.

D. CHAS. WEST. Eclectic Physician, Office at his residence, east side Michigan street.

L. FAIRLOR. Cabinet Maker and undertaker, corner Center & Washington sts.

EDWARDS' HOTEL. Wm. C. Edwards Proprietor, corner of Michigan and Washington streets.

A. E. BRIGGS. Horse Shoeing and Blacksmithing of all kinds done to order. Shop south east of Edwards' Hotel.

M. R. PETER & CO. Dealers in Family Groceries, & provisions, Confectionaries &c. South Plymouth.

W. BRICK & LAMSON. House, Sign, and Ornamental Painters. Shop south end of the Bridge, Plymouth, Ind.

TEEGARDEN HOUSE. V. W. AXTELL, Proprietor, Laporte, Indiana.

HALL LAMPS. for sale at Robert's, 104 S. W. Laporte.

Sperm Candles for sale by S. B. ROBERTS.

DOTY'S HOTEL. 63 Randolph St., Chicago, Illinois.

T. DOTY. - Proprietor.

Cheseman's Pills.

The True source of Health in the Female Constitution. Just received and for sale by PERSHING & THOMPSON.

Aug. 7, 1856.

Poetical.

The following lines selected by a young friend, whose soul is deeply imbued with the inspiration of poetry, will touch a vibrating chord in many an overflowing heart.

Carry me Home to Die.

O carry me back to my childhood's home,
Where the green surges rise,
Where the billows dash on a rock bound coast,
And I mean for ever more,
I'm pining away in a stranger's land,
Beneath a stranger's eye;
O carry me home, O carry me home,
O carry me home to die.

I sigh in vain for my native hills,
Their sweet and sunny air,
Would I waft away from my life's blow
Each trace of gloomy care,
I sigh to breathe the air of home,
To gaze on its starry sky;
O carry me home, O carry me home,
O carry me home to die.

I long to see my mother again,
And hear her sweetly say,
"O my dear child, here's thy home,
Then fold thy wing and stay."
Two ill ease my pain to hear her voice,
When death has darkened my eye;
O carry me home, O carry me home,
O carry me home to die.

Then let me rest in a peaceful grave,
Beside the loved and dead,
For the quiet earth is the only place
To rest my weary head,
I would sleep sweetly if you buried me there,
Beneath your country's sky;
O carry me home, O carry me home,
O carry me home to die.

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"He is positive that he never received the money. The mortgage must be paid to-morrow."

"Very singular. Was your father—"

I hesitated to use the unpleasant words, which must have grated harshly on the ear of the devoted girl.

"Mr. Bryce says my father was not just right when he paid him, though not very bad."

"I will see your father."

"He is coming here in a few moments; I thought I would see you and tell you the facts before he came."

"I do not see how Bryce could have obtained the note, unless he paid the money. Where did your father keep it?"

"He gave it to me, and I put it in the secretary in the front room."

"Who were in the room when you put it in the secretary?"

"Mr. Bryce, George Chandler, my father, and myself."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Wallace. He looked pale and haggard, as much from the effects of anxiety as of the debauch from which he was just recovering.

"She has told you about it, I suppose," said he in a very low tone.

"She has."

"I pitied him, poor fellow, for two thousand dollars was a large sum for him to accumulate in his little business. The loss of it would make the future look like a desert to him. It would be a misfortune which one must undergo in order to appreciate it."

"What do you think about it?" asked he, very gloomily. "I know he never paid me. I was not much in liquor at that time. I remember very well of going home as regularly as ever I did in my life. I could tell how I passed the time."

"What passed between you on that day?"

"Well I merely stepped into his office—it was only day before yesterday—to tell him not to forget to have my money ready for me to-morrow. He took me into his back office, and as I sat there, he said he would get the money ready the next day. He then left me and went into the front office, when I heard him send George out to the bank to draw a check for two thousand dollars; so I supposed he was going to pay me then."

"What does the clerk say about it?"

"He says Mr. Bryce remarked, when he sent him, that he was going to pay me the money."

"Just so."

"And when George came in, he went to the front office again, and took the money. Then he came to me again, but did not offer to pay me."

"Had you the note with you?"

"No; now I remember he said he supposed I had not the note with me, or he would pay it. He told me to come in next day and he would have it ready—that was yesterday. When I came to look for the note, it could not be found; Anne and I have hunted the house all over."

"You told Bryce so?"

"I did; he laughed and showed me the note with his signature crossed over with ink, and a hole punched through it."

"It is plain, Mr. Wallace, that he paid you the money as he alleges, or has obtained fraudulent possession of the note, and intends to cheat you out of the amount."

"He never paid me," replied he, firmly.

"Then he has fraudulently obtained the note. What sort of a person is the Chandler who boards with you?"

"A fine young man. Bless you, he would not do anything of the kind."

"I am sure he wouldn't," repeated Anne, earnestly.

"How else could Bryce obtain the note but through him? What time does he come in at night?"

"Always at tea-time. He never goes out in the evening," answered Wallace.

"But, father, he did not come home till ten o'clock the night before you went to Bryce's. He had to stay in the office to post the books or something of that kind."

"How did he get in?"

"He has a night key."

"I must see Chandler," I said.

"The corner of the street," replied Chandler, positively.

"I certainly heard some one in the front room at ten," added Anne looking with astonishment at the group around her.

"We are getting at something," I remarked. How did you get in, Mr. Chandler?"

"The young man smiled as he glanced at Anne."

"On arriving at the door," he replied, "I found that I had lost my night key. At that moment a watchman happening along, I told him my situation. He knew me, and taking a ladder from an unfinished house opposite, placed it against one of the second story windows, and I entered in that way."

"Good! now who was it that was heard in the parlor at ten, unless it was Bryce or one of his accomplices. It must have taken the key from your pocket, Mr. Chandler, and stolen the note from the secretary. At any rate, I will charge him with the crime—let what may happen. Perhaps he will confess, when hard pushed."

Acting upon this thought, I wrote a lawyer's letter—demand against you, &c.—which was immediately sent to Bryce. Cautioning the parties not to speak of the affair, I dismissed them."

"Well sir, what have you against me?" he asked, rather stiffly.

"A claim on the part of John Wallace for two thousand dollars," I replied, poking over my papers, and appearing supremely indifferent.

"Paid it!" said he, short as pie crust.

"Have you?" and I looked him in the eye sharply.

The rascal quailed. I saw that he was a villain.

"Nevertheless, if, within an hour, you do not pay me the two thousand dollars, and one hundred dollars for the trouble and anxiety you have caused my client, at the end of the next hour you shall be lodged in jail to answer a criminal charge."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean what I say. Pay or take the consequences."

It was a bold charge, and if he had looked like an honest man, I should not have dared to make it.

"I have paid the note I tell you," said he; "I have the note in my possession."

"Where did you get it?"

"I got it of course when I paid the—"

"When you feloniously entered the house of John Wallace, on the night of Tuesday, February 20th, at ten of the clock, and took the said note from the secretary."

"You have no proof," stammered he, grasping a chair for support.

"That is my look out. I have no time to waste. Will you pay or go to jail?"

He saw that the evidence I had was too strong for his denial, and he immediately drew his check on the spot for twenty-one hundred dollars; and after begging me not to mention the affair, he snatched off.

I cashed the check and hastened to Wallace's house. The reader may judge with what satisfaction he received it, how rejoiced was Anne and her lover.

Wallace insisted that I should take the one hundred dollars for my trouble; but I was magnanimous enough to only take twenty. Wallace kept his promise and ever after was a temperate man. He died a few years ago, leaving a handsome property to Chandler and his wife, the marriage between him and Anne having taken place shortly after the above narrated circumstance occurred.

[We cheerfully give place to the following article, at the request of an esteemed friend, without intending to commit ourselves in favor of the system it advocates.]

From the Chatham (Canada) Planet.

FOREIGN CITY WATER CURE, Cleveland, O., Dec. 1, 1856.

DEAR MILLER.—In this letter I purpose telling you something regarding this establishment. In my former letters I but slightly referred to it.

The building itself, I understand, is the most extensive of any "Cure" in the United States. It was commenced by Messrs Strong & Totten in the Spring of 1854, and completed in the Fall of the same year. It is built of brick, on a massive stone foundation, and will be when the contemplated wing is added—138 in length, 48 feet in depth, and 28 feet in height—the first story 9, the second 11, the third 10, and the fourth 8 feet. The whole building is finished in the very best style; the main idea of its builders seeming to have been to provide the intended guests with accommodations unsurpassed in point of convenience and elegance, by those of the best class in their own homes. In this, I must observe, they have succeeded to a remarkable degree. In fact this was the great difficulty

to be obviated, for it must be known that the class who generally patronize resorts of this description is the very best in the land, and consequently must be in a great measure, surrounded with provisions agreeable to its cultivated taste. Hence the great expense attending the Water Cure. Every room is simply heated with hot air, which by registers conveniently placed can be regulated to the patient's desire; they are also well ventilated, each possessing another register for that purpose working on the same principle as the one supplying heat. Spring water of crystalline purity is conveyed from an adjacent valley, by force pumps to the uppermost rooms in the house. The bath-rooms are supplied in a similar manner. The total cost of the building and out-fittings, including a spacious gymnasium, well supplied, is about \$25,000. The grounds in front and around the Cure are extensive; the former are beautifully laid out, studded here and there with hand-some evergreens and rare shrubs, to which gravely serpentine walks give an appearance highly picturesque and altogether tasteful. Directly in front of the main hall is a chaste and costly fountain, with its numerous jets casting forth their streams of pearly liquid. The spray of which continually washes a statue representing the ancient goddess Minerva, which has for two seasons endured the cooling appliances of a modern Water Cure. Parenthetically, we may add, as a person quaintly said "other day, if she had been under the treatment of the 'Old School' in all probability she would not be now occupying the present position though she is of cast iron. The main jet of this fountain rises to the height of about 20 feet, falls into a basin, thence into another still larger, from whence the surplus water is conducted off in pipes to the valley before spoken of. The 'Cure' is situated on Kinsman Street—highly, excepting Euclid, is the best in town—about 2 miles from the City Hall. Its location is very pleasant—neither city or country, but both are quickly gained. On the one side is the Cleveland Seminary for young ladies, on the other the Orphan Asylum—both of which are extensive and handsome structures.

Dr. Strong the proprietor of this institution, has been a resident of Cleveland for a number of years, and formerly had a cure on Lake Street in the centre of the city. He studied, under the famous Dr. Hamilton, of Rochester, whose extraordinary success in the treatment of chronic and female diseases, has gained him a world wide celebrity. Dr. Strong's abilities have been fully tested during the past eight years, during which time he has proved himself worthy the encomiums of his talented instructor, as well of the grateful multitude he has caused to "take up their beds and walk."

Associated with Dr. S. is Professor H. P. Gatchell, formerly of the Cincinnati Eclectic College, whose ability and reputation as a lecturer on, and teacher of Pathology, Physiology and Anatomy, is generally acknowledged and widely known. As a successful Homoeopathic practitioner Prof. G. ranks very high. He it was who first introduced the vapor bath into the Water Cure, with the view of removing drugs from the human system. His popularity is daily becoming wider. As we mentioned in our last, he fills two chairs in the Western Homoeopathic College, which institution is the most prosperous of any of its kind in the Union, not excepting the one at Philadelphia.

Connected, also, with this Cure, is S. R. Beckwith, Prof. of the Surgical and Pathological College. So you see that this establishment can boast of an array of talent which, we presume, is not equaled at another Cure in the Western States. That the Homoeopathic system of treatment is highly popular, and growing in the estimation of the public may be learned from the fact that many of the leading business men, many of the Clergymen, and we are informed every day—in this city employ Homoeopathic Physicians in their families. My previous letters gave you the class of patients at present in the house—that class is always here—the wealthy and intellectual. This fact alone speaks volumes in its praise.

To slightly initiate you into the *modus operandi* of the Water Cure—its mysteries, miseries and delights—a space must now be devoted. You enter, of course pregnant with aches, pains, nervousness and irritability, if not—something far worse. Instantly you are marched to the bath-room; there denuded, then enclosed in an upright case seven feet by two, with a slat across its centre, on which you rest. In this you are shut up; the room is then filled with vapor; and the bath-vapor is turned off; the door is opened; you are marched into an adjoining room, and forced into a large reservoir of cold spring water, where you are vigorously cooled off. In a style peculiarly shocking, from the icy water you are thrown into a bath of steam, and then into a bath of cold water, and so on, until you are half frozen body in December, and with head up, in the summer, you are wrapped in a coarse sheet and briskly rubbed, till your sixth skin is taken off, and the seventh remains—then you are not unlike a lobster just from the pot—considerably red and not a little hot. Now you are again clothed, and feel like eating your dinner; before you must retire to the gymnasium for an hour, or three quarters, at least. After dinner an hour to yourself, half an hour to consult the doctor, then down to the bath-room, where Capt. Bath man stands with hose pipe in hand. Again you are denuded, ordered into the stand-

ing up-place—a sort of a stall; the faucet is turned; a stream of water issues forth striking you—or me rather—on the back of the neck, with the force of "Great Western, No. 1." This you bear as long as you possibly can, when you are drenched again with a couple of pailfuls, which effect you similarly to the plunge bath. Now you are rubbed, and rubbed well too—made to fairly burn again;—dissolve yourself and go up stairs to—where you please—till tea—no—water. A "Water Cure" is no place for business you may depend. On morning number two, after breakfast—some two hours, which time is spent in reading, chatting, or exercise, you are put to bed. Bath-man visits you in your room with a pailful of cold spring water, a linen and a cotton sheet. The former is, while dripping wet spread on the bed; you are denuded, jump therein, and are quickly rapped up chattering like a South American monkey. With blanket, quilts, and coverlets under, around, and over you, you soon grow warm, perspire, and sleep—I do sixty minutes by the watch roll by; rap a-top—tap comes to your door; your eye opens, and discover the bath man entering with another pailful of water colder than before. You are unwrapped; hop out smoking hot, the linen sheet is again dipped in the water and with it your body is clothed—what a contrast to the comfortable bed just left!—You are rubbed—wet—again; with the cotton sheet you are rubbed dry and left red as the day before. In the afternoon you take the hose douche again, the pail or falling douche, none very pleasant, at the time; and thus it goes, *vis a versa* every other day. This is treatment at the "Water Cure." This is the treatment that ladies of delicate health submit to, and strange to say—survive. Of course the minutia of the above is at times varied, to suit peculiar constitutions; and particular diseases; but on the whole the principal is the same. Dieting very close is strictly adhered to; the food here is like the head nurse, who wears the bloomer costume—exceedingly plain; but unlike her is small in quantity, for she is a trifle under six feet in height, and weighs not less than two hundred pounds.

"Early to bed and early to rise," is the motto of the institution. At times we have music on the piano, a game at checkers or cards in the gymnasium, which is the limit of our amusement, without the visit the Theatre or Lecture Room of the city. At present it is rather dull, and were it not for two or three chatty, lively, agreeable souls, we would all die of *do-nothingism*. We thank our good fortune that they will not leave till after the middle of this month, when we will be at home. All in all the Water Cure—this one in particular—is a creditable institution, and deserves the patronage it receives. When we are gone it shall not be forgotten by us. As this letter will be the last from this place, we give an allopathic dose. So for the present, goodbye till we are with you.

Yours, &c., S.

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